

PAINTS,

OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, GLUES, ALABASTINE

—Also Agents for—

"SHERWIN WILLIAMS PREPARED PAINT."

This is the Best Paint on the market, and we recommend all who intend painting to give it a trial, and save money by so doing. Respectfully,

LOCKERT & REYNOLDS,

NO. 19 FRANKLIN STREET.

NOW!

Come and See our

BARGAIN COUNTER.

Having placed our orders early on custom-made Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Shirts, &c., we will in a few days begin to receive one of the largest and best selected stocks we have yet brought to this market, and to make room for same we have placed on our Bargain Counter a lot of

Men's, Boys' and Youths' Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Misses' and Children's Shoes and Rubbers that

will be sold at cost or less.

In a few days we will have in 80 dozen Shirts—the celebrated RAM-BLER—100 dozen latest style Collars and Cuffs, 70 dozen Soft and Stiff Hats—the Latest Styles.

Respectfully,

BOWLING & WILLSON.

WM. J. ELY.

JAS. T. KENNEDY.

ELY & KENNEDY,

(Successors to TURNLEY, ELY & KENNEDY.)

Tobacco Salesmen

Commission Merchants,

Elephant Warehouse,

CLARKSVILLE, - - TENN.

Careful attention to the interests of our customers, and best prices obtained for Tobacco.

All Tobacco in our warehouse, on which advances have been made, will be insured owners' expense until sold; and all Tobacco received by us, upon which there is no advance, will be insured at owners' expense, unless we have written instructions to the contrary. After being sold, all Tobacco will be held at the risk of the buyer. nov16-17

DRUGS! DRUGS!

S. B. STEWART,

29 Franklin Street,

(Stand formerly occupied by McCauley & Co.)

Has on hand a complete stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Shoulder Braces, Trusses, Sponges, Brushes, Chamomile Skins, Perfumery, Fine Soaps, &c.

Special attention will be given to the Compounding of Medicines, and a careful and competent Prescriptionist will be in attendance at all hours. S. B. STEWART.

March 18, 1884—1st

The Clarksville Wagon Co.

Reduces its Prices.



We have on hand a large stock of superior Wagons of all the various sizes, and made of the very best materials, which we now offer at a reduction of \$10.00 to \$15.00 per Wagon, according to size, below our previous prices. The TIMBER used in our Wagons has been seasoning under our sheds from 3 to 5 years and is of the very best.

Every Wagon Warranted.

All who need Wagons would do well to see and price our stock before buying.

JOS. ELLIOTT, Manager.

March 9, 1883.

Men's Shoes, Men's Shoes,

Old Men, Young Men, Fat Men, Lean Men, Boys & Dudes.

Coulter Bros

HAVE RECEIVED THIS

SPRING STOCK

—AND ARE—

Now Ready

TO SHOW THE

LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK

—OF—

DRY

GOODS

NOTIONS,

CARPETS, MATTINGS, Etc.,

In the City.

—We will sell you—

GOOD GOODS

—AS—

CHEAP

As you can buy them any where; all we want is a change.

DON'T SEND OFF

To buy Goods, we will

Match Any Sample

From New York in quality and price.

Get Your Samples!

—AND GIVE US A—

TRIAL.

We keep the best brands of

BLACK SILKS,

As well as all other kinds of

goods, and if you will bring

your samples we will match

them in quality and price if

we lose money to do it. Spend

your money at home. If you

can do as well give your mer-

chants first chance. It is to

your interest to do so. We

have the largest stock we ever

had, and the ladies that buy

goods at home all say it never

was surpassed in quantity,

quality and variety, and goods

never were so cheap. Our

Sales are increasing every day

and choice goods are going off

fast. Don't wait until stocks

are broken, but come Now,

while you have full Stocks to

select from, and you shall have

polite attention and prices

guaranteed. All we ask is a

fair show.

Respectfully,

MADE TO ORDER AT THIS OFFICE.

COULTER BROS

PRINTERS.

To the Editor:
Here is a balmy little thing,
By all your best with you,
But as it is a song of spring,
Send it by me to you.

THE POEM.

The vine on the cot is blowing,
The nest is built in the tree,
And the apple buds are swelling,
Their blossoms in the fragrant breeze.

The lambskins skip on the hill,
And the boys in the back yard, tying
The can to the bridle purp.

Above the lake in the hollow
In the daisy's airy swan,
The bubble-bell in the garden
Rings out the living day.

And Mad in her dolly Varden
Fishes down the bridle purp.

She Stephen his love is sighing,
The cricket begins to chirp,
And the boy in the back yard, tying
The can to the bridle purp.

POSTSCRIPT.

If this poem daisy
Should make you sad and sore,
And get you wild and cross,
To spill me on the floor.

And hurt me on the easement,
Or make me like a toy,
And drop me in the back yard,
Why—take it out of the boy!

REMARKS.

Beneath this poem, the young Green,
Who found the pathway to the town,
Straight from the editorial room,
—R. K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Magazine.

MARKED ON THE HEELS.

The Stabhorn Yankee that Cashed a

Commotion in London and Paris.

Frank R. Stockton, in Century Magazine.

In the pretty walk, bordered by
bright hedges and flowering
strubbery, which lies back of
the Albert Memorial, in Kensington
Gardens, London, Jonas sat on
a green bench, with his baby on his
knee. A few nurses were pushing
baby carriages about in different
directions, and he saw that the
children playing not far away.

He was drawing toward the close of the
afternoon, and Jonas was thinking
it was nearly time to go home when
"Pomona" came running to him from
the gorgeous monument, which she
had been carefully inspecting.

"Jonas," she cried, "do you know
I've been looking at all them great
men that stand round the bottom
of the monument, an' though
an' I ever I catch sight of her, I
sure, I can't find a American among
'em! There's poets, an' artists, an'
leadin' men, scraped up from all
parts, an' not one of 'em is a
dead. What d'ye think of that?"

"I can't believe it," said Jonas.
"If we go home with a tale like
that, we'll hear the recording-angel
from Newark to Texas, and ten to
one, I'll be drafted."

"You needn't be makin' fun,"
said Pomona. "You come and see
for yourself. Perhaps you kin find
just one American, an' then I'll go
home satisfied."

"All right," said Jonas.
And, putting the child on the
bench, he told her to be back in a
minute, and hurried after Pomona
to give a hasty look for the Ameri-

can. Corinne, the offspring of Jonas
and Pomona, had some peculiarities
of her own. One of these was that
she was accustomed to stay where she
was put. Ever since she was old enough
to be carried about, she had been
carried about by one parent or the
other; and, as it was frequently nec-

essary to set her down, she had
learned to sit up and look at the
world as it was. She was now
nearly two years old, very strong
and active, and of an intellect which
was already beginning to show itself.
She could walk very well, but Jonas
took such delight in carrying her
that he seldom appeared to recog-

nize her ability to use her legs. She
could also talk, but how much her
parents did not know. She was a
taciturn child, and preferred to keep
her thoughts to herself. She was
not at all bashful, and would speak
up as if by instinct. She was
always full of remarks that had
been taught her.

Corinne remained on the bench
about a minute after her father had
left her, and then, contrary to her
usual custom, she determined to
leave the place where she had been
put. Turning over on her stomach,
after the manner of babies, she
lowered her feet to the ground.
Having obtained a foot hold, she
tumbled herself about and proceeded
with sturdy steps to a baby car-

riage near by which had attracted
her attention. This carriage, which
was unattended, contained a baby
somewhat smaller and younger
than Corinne, who sat up and gazed
with youthful interest at the visitor
who stood by the side of her. Corinne
examined with a critical eye the occu-

pant of the carriage, and the baby
looked at the young woman into the
blue eyes and gazed with admira-

tion at the gay colors, which she
spread over her lap, and the spacious
hugeness which shrouded it from the
sun. She stooped down and looked
at the wheels, and stood up and
gazed at the blue eyes and gazed
at the baby over her shoulder. Then
in quiet but decided tones Corinne
said:

"Dit out!"

The baby looked at her, but
made no movement to obey. After
waiting a few moments, an expres-

sion of stern severity spreading
itself over her face, she reached out
her hand and put her arms around
the fair-haired child. She put her
arms around the child, and then
strength, she threw herself back-

ward and downward. The baby,
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